Supernatural, Lucifer/Michael or Dean/Sam or Castiel/Dean, “When I fall - when I fall/I know where’ll I’ll be landing/When I fall- when I fall/You will still be standing” (Rachael Lampa)

PG, Michael and Lucifer in the Cage...I'm not sure how to classify it, genre-wise. I hope it's good?

Michael rubs his arms and marvels at the chill, at this novel sensation of cold he is feeling.

It is the only thing to marvel at, here.

There is Lucifer, but Michael has already turned away from him, and there are the helpless cries of his vessel, but Michael has long ceased listening to that noise.

"I waited for you," he hears Lucifer say.

Michael has no way to block out Lucifer's words, much as he wants to. If he has any flaw, he admits to himself, it is that he cannot ignore Lucifer.

"When?"

"At that cemetery. On Earth...I had a vessel, Michael. Not my first choice...but Earth could lie in ruins now. I waited for you."

"I didn't want to," Michael says softly. "You know that, don't you?"

He feels Lucifer's touch on his back, and feels an even worse chill as Grace devoid of all warmth meets his own - which is warm yet.

Michael turns and eyes Lucifer, still at the other end of the Cage.

"Don't," Michael says.

He sees Lucifer shiver. That confuses him, even with his limited knowledge of human bodies.

"You're not cold," Lucifer says.

"I wouldn't be," Michael says.

There are hands on his back, now.

"Lucifer."

"Let me."

"No."

Michael realizes that he might be afraid. The warmth he has now is the only warmth in the Cage. Already it is disappearing, being consumed by the chill around him...

Lucifer's hands are like ice.

"Human skin tears if the temperatures are too extreme," Michael remembers.

"Only if I pull back. Only for as long as you're warm."

Michael shudders and realizes why Lucifer is shivering.

"Are you...how are you..."

"I know what warmth feels like," Lucifer says, and repeats, "I waited for you."

Michael feels skin shift and then Lucifer is standing up and the sensation of hands is gone as Lucifer pulls himself back into his vessel. He is going to touch him for real, now.

The clamoring inside Michael's vessel seems louder now, somehow.

"Don't," Michael warns.

"There is still warmth...it may last us for a while longer." Lucifer says, and Michael cannot bear the weight of time now, not when he knows what the chill of it feels like.

"No," Lucifer tells him. "Not yet, this isn't...you don't understand yet."

"You don't know me."

"You don't understand yet...you may think you do...but you don't."

Lucifer stands inches from Michael. "I would show you...make you feel it...but..."

Michael draws back, only looking at Lucifer because he is afraid of the cold.

"I'll let you keep it for now," Lucifer says softly. "But it won't last."

Michael doesn't respond, finding his arms rising almost of their own accord and then he is hugging himself, and he hears fear again, fear from his vessel.

He doesn't dignify it with a response, and forces his arms to his sides.

"I'll wait again," Lucifer says softly. "For you."

Michael doesn't dignify that with a response, either.